Vol. III. Numb. 76.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are Added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by ſome of the Society of GENTLEMEN, Concern'd in the Firſt and Second VOLUME, with the Aſſiſtance of other Ingenious PERSONS.

From Monday September 18th. to Wedneſday September 20th. 1710.

Courteous Gentlemen,

Q. YOUR *Ingenious and Satisfactory Anſwers, to the moſt Intricate Propoſitions, encourage me to expect (with the firſt Opportunity) your Sentiments upon theſe Words in the* 1 Epiſtle *of St.* John, 5. Chap. *and* 17. Verſe.

All Unrighteouſneſs is Sin: And there is a Sin not unto Death.

The Romiſh *Diviſion of Sin, into Mortal and Venial, ſeems to me, not to be Inconſiſtent with the ſame; but I ſhall ſuſpend my Judgment 'till you favor with an Anſwer,*

Your moſt Hearty Well wiſher and Admirer, F——. C——.

A. No Doubt the Diviſion of Sin into Mortal and Venial is very well Grounded upon this Text, tho' not according to the Notion which the *Romaniſt*'s have of it. For by *Mortal Sins* they underſtand ſuch as are in their own Nature Unpardonable, rendring a Man wholly Averſe to God and Meriting Eternal Puniſhment. But *Venial Sins*, are ſuch as admit of an eaſy Expiation, being ſo Light in their own Nature, that they cannot deprive any one of the Grace of God, or render him Worthy of Eternal Death. The Diſtinction, we ſay, in this Senſe is Repugnant to many Texts of Scripture. As, *Curſed is every one that continueth not in all Things which are Written in the Book of the Law to do them*, and, *The Soul that Sinneth it ſhall Dye*, and again, *Whoſoever ſhall keep the whole Law, and yet offend in one Point, he is Guilty of all.* Now tho' we readily grant, that there is a great Inequality in Sins, and that ſome render a Man more Obnoxious to the Wrath of God, and to a greater Degree of Puniſhment than Others; yet there is none ſo little but what is in its own Nature Mortal, and deſerves Eternal Puniſhment. As again there is none ſo great (excepting that againſt the Holy Ghoſt) but what according to the Terms of the New Covenant, may by the Grace of God be Pardoned. The Sins therefore which are Venial, are not ſo Denominated out of Reſpect to their own Nature but to the Divine Conſtitution. And it is with Reſpect to the Divine Conſtitution, as we take it, that St. *John* ſays, *There is a Sin unto Death*, and *a Sin not unto Death.* By the firſt of which he undoubtedly means only the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt, becauſe he ſeems to forbid Praying for it; a Thing which may Lawfully and ought to be done for any other Sin how great ſoever. And under the latter he comprehends all other Sins.

Q. APOLLO, *If a Man makes a Vow that he will Trouble any particular Perſon or Houſe after his Death, ſay, does it lye in his Power or no?*

Yours, N. X.

A. We deſire to be excuſed from giving our Opinion upon Queſtions of this Nature, to which the only Anſwers that can be returned, muſt be Conjectures without Proof, and therefore neither Inſtructive nor Satisfactory to the Publick.

Q. Gentlemen, *Pleaſe to Oblige my ſelf and the Publick with your Opinion, what was the Reaſon of the Poet* Ovid's *Diſgrace and Baniſhment.*

Your Servant and Admirer, W. Smith.

A. In a Manuſcript of *Pomponius Lætus* found in the *Vatican* Library, there is a ſhort Account of the Life of *Ovid*; in which it is ſaid of him, that *Auguſtus* had a Suſpicion, that he had an Intrigue with his Neice *Julia* who was afterwards Baniſhed (as *Suetonius* tells us) for her Scandalous Lewd Life; and that *Corinna* whom he ſo often Celebrates as his Miſtriſs in his Epiſtles was only a feigned Name for this Neice of *Auguſtus*. Hence, as another Writer tells us, thoſe Epiſtles were Burnt after his Death for Treaſonable Papers. The Suſpicion of this Intrigue was the undoubted Cauſe of his Baniſhment, tho' the apparent or pretended Reaſon why *Auguſtus* was ſo Severe upon him might be, as others report, his endeavoring to Debauch the Age with his Lewd Writings. Some

assign another Reason for his Baniſhment, and pretend, that he being by Accident privy to an Intrigue in which *Auguſtus* himſelf was concerned, was Baniſhed to prevent his reporting it. But granting that he was ſo, it is not in the leaſt probable that Baniſhment cou'd be the beſt means of making him ſuppreſs a Scandal, which he wou'd rather be thereby the more provoked to Divulge and Perpetuate by his Writings.

Q. Gentlemen, *I have been Credibly inform'd that, that Eminent* Oculiſt, *Mr.* Grant, *hath lately brought to Sight a Young Woman at* Rotherhith, *who was Born Blind, now ſuppoſing a Marriage was Conſummated between her and* William Jones *of* Newington Butts, *who was alſo Born Blind, and brought to Sight by the ſame Artiſt. Query, Whether, if they two ſhou'd have Children they wou'd not alſo be Born Blind?*

A. Their Children wou'd not be in the leaſt more likely to be Born Blind becauſe their Parents were, for the ſame Reaſons, which we formerly gave to a Queſtion, *viz.* Whether the Children of Parents who were Born Lame, wou'd alſo be Lame. But if all other Circumſtances accorded, we think it might be a very proper Match, by Reaſon, ſhou'd any of their Children happen to be Born Blind, they wou'd doubtleſs readily agree in applying themſelves to the Author of their own wonderful Cures; beſides they might be extremely entertaining to each other, by comparing the Ideas conceiv'd by 'em of things, before they were brought to Ocular Demonſtration; and Curious *Phænomena* of Natural Inſtinct, might alſo be diſcover'd thereby. On this occaſion we cannot forbear, both in Reſpect to that great Artiſt, and for the Benefit of Mankind, to declare, that by the wonderful Cures of his, which have come to our Knowledg, we think him one of the moſt Succeſsful Proficients in his way as either this or any former Ages have produc'd, and that his Genuine Skill Merits far greater Reputation, than ſome others with all their Art and Induſtry have endeavor'd to *Forge* for themſelves.

Q. Gentlemen, *I find in the* I. Vol. *of the* Britiſh Apollo, *ſeveral Accounts concerning Water Spouts, which* Phænomena *(tho' not doubting the Truth of the Informations) differing very much from thoſe I ſaw, I thought it not improper to give your Learned Society an exact Relation of them, it ſeeming impoſſible they ſhould proceed from Subterranean Fires, as you Suggeſt. Some Years paſt in the Month of* September, *being on Board a* French *Veſſel off the Iſle of* Cyprus, *one Morning about* 8 *of the Clock, looking towards the Heavens, I obſerv'd, to my great Surprize, a Cloud Trembling in a ſtrange diſorder, like a Living Creature in Convulſions, and* 4 *or* 5 *Minutes after it thruſt forth a Pillar to appearance about the Circumference of the Monument, which leiſurely deſcended, not in a Perpendicular, but an Oblique Line, ſomewhat bending Arch-ways. When it reach'd the Water the Sea began to Foam and Rage with Fury (our Ship being not a League from it) at firſt it was of a bright duſky Color, but ſoon grew dark at the bottom; w ich blackneſs aſcended and ſpread itſelf through the whole Body of the Cloud. It continued in this Poſture (driving with the Wind) about a Quarter of an Hour, then retir'd gradually into the Cloud and Sail'd away together. In* 3 *Hours time* 8 *of theſe Spouts appear'd, each belonging to a ſeveral Cloud, and making all the ſame Operations, only one was ſomething more remarkable, for the Pillar having ſunk half way to the Surface of the Ocean, hung in the Air a while as if it wanted matter to extend itſelf further, then ſhrunk up again for freſh Recruits, and in* 10 *Minutes time (for I narrowly Watch'd the Cloud) it made another Eſſay, performing what the reſt had done. The Clouds were at an uſual height, the Weather Fair, a Moderate Gale, at* W. S. W. *and continued ſo all Day. This I aſſure you is Matter of Fact to a Title, tho' wanting Terms of Art not ſo well expreſſed by,*

Your Admiring Subſcriber and moſt Humble Servant, M. G.

Poſt-ſcript,

Pray, Pardon my Impertinence in repeating ſome Maggotty Thoughts in Doggrel then Compos'd.

——The ſtrangeneſs of the Sight,
Did put my Rambling Muſe *upon her Flight;*
I fancy'd firſt Jove *was about to Dine,*
And wanted Water to allay his Wine;
That Ganymede *had dropt his Maſter's Cup,*
And Mercury *then ſtoop'd to take it up;*
Next judg'd the Drunken Cloud having ſpent it's [Rain,
Thruſt forth it's Thirſty Muzzle to the Main,
And took a Swinging Draught to ſpew again.

A. We have taken the Liberty to Inſert this for the Entertainment of the Curious Reader, tho' it does not properly fall under the Notion of a Queſtion, nor is there any thing in it that demands our Anſwer, ſaving that we return our Thanks to the Gentleman for his Civility in Communicating this to us. We might indeed from hence take an Occaſion to inquire into the Cauſe and Nature of Spouts. But Natural Philoſophers having not yet fully examined this Subject by way of Experiments, we ſhall not amuſe the Reader either with our own or others Conjectures concerning it.

BIBLIOTHECA BOD...

POEMS.

Q. SOL's Chearful Glories from the World were fled,
And Sable Night the Weary Globe o'erſpread;
When I ——
Fatigu'd with Buſineſs of the new-paſt Day,
Diſſolv'd in Peaceful Eaſe, and ſilent Slumbers lay.

Whilſt thus I did my Fainting ſtrength renew,
A graceful Viſion offer'd to my view.

A Fantome *entred with Majeſtic Mein,**
Bright was his Aſpect and his Soul Serene;
Upon his Head a Diadem was plac'd,
And his Right Hand a Regal Scepter Grac'd;
A Royal Robe his Subſtance did Inveſt,
His Air, his Dreſs, his Face ſome Mighty Prince [*Confeſt.*

Surpriz'd, methought, I roſe, Obeyſance paid,
And Rev'rently approach'd the Royal Shade;
But Gods *who can my pleaſing Tranſport tell,*
When from his Lips theſe Rapt'rous Accents fell.

* *Charles* the II. late King of *Spain.*

I'm

I'm He who late Iberia's *Scepter ſway'd,*
He whom her Loyal Sons with Pride Obey'd;
E'er Bourbon's Perjur'd Race *Uſurp'd the Crown,*
And made 'em Vaſſals to a Tyrant's Frown.

Long have you Groan'd beneath the Galling Yoke,
And ſeem'd in vain Heav'n's Vengeance to Invoke,
But now Rejoice th' appointed Time draws near,
When Treach'rous Gallia's *Wiles ſhall coſt her Dear;*
Once more you ſhall your Liberties regain,
And † France's Viceroy *quit Deſerted* Spain;
A Legal Monarch *now ſhall mount the Throne,*
And Rule the Kingsdom rightfully his own.

I ſee, I ſee, th' Auſtrian Eagle *Riſe,*
With ſtiffeſt Pinions thro' th' Expanſe he Flies,
Then bleſs the Pow'rs Divine, extol the Brave Allies.

He ceas'd; and a more Chearful Air put on,
Whilſt awfully I bow'd, and thus begun.

How ſhall I as I ought my Thanks expreſs,
For theſe Important Truths your Words Confeſs?
Thou (happy Being) from vain Cares art freed,
Nor Us, or our Aſſiſtance e'er can'ſt need;

Now, if my Inquiſition ben't a Crime,
Vouchſafe to ſignify the wiſh'd-for Time,
When Peace and Liberty ſhall be reſtor'd,
And Spain *ſhall Recognize her Lawful Lord.*

I can no more (th' Illuſtrious Ghoſt *reply'd)*
All beyond this, by partial Fate's deny'd;
But if you would obtain your laſt Requeſt,
And flee from Anxious Doubts your Lab'ring Breaſt,
Near where Thameſis *cuts his Sacred way,*
And Limpid-Streams in Wanton Mazes Play;
Where Proud Auguſta *rears her Tow'ring Head,*
And Anna's *Acts outcry thoſe of the Mighty Dead:*
Th' Indulgent Gods *an* ORACLE *have plac'd,*
With Unexauſted ſtores of Heav'nly Science grac'd,
As from their Source, thence Wit and Learning flow,
And there you'll hear what you deſire to know.

He ſaid, and diſappearing from my Sight,
The Unbody'd Spectre flew to bliſsful Fields of Light.

Say now, Ye Bards, who can alone deſcry,
The Diſtant Wonders of Futurity;
When ſhall Old Time *the happy Hour diſcloſe,*
When Europe *ſhall be freed from all her Woes,*
And Gallia's *Fall ſecure the* World's Repoſe?
When ſhall Britannic Matrons *ceaſe to Mourn,*
And Halcyon Days, Saturnian Times *return?*

Don Diego Curioſo.

A. Long hath *Britannia* groan'd beneath the
And Preſſure of Inexorable *Fate*; [Weight
By various Bolts aſſaulted from above,
Hurl'd by th' unerring Hand of Angry *Jove*;

† *Duke of* Anjou.

Firſt *Peſtilence* with her Infectious Breath,
Spread round your *Iſle* Inevitable Death,
Deform'd and Loathſome; next th' Incenſed Pow'rs
With *Flames* conſum'd *Auguſta's* Beautious Towers.
Yet theſe aton'd not for the Flagrant Crimes,
Which had with Scarlet Tincture ſtain'd the Times;
Such *Vengeance* is too ſoft, nor force imparts
To make Impreſſion on your Flinty Hearts;
The *Sword* muſt therefore through your Bowels run,
Full Twenty Revolutions of the *Sun*,
With all the Devaſtations *War* attend
(Too light for ſuch, who dare like you Offend)
Nay were you all deſtroy'd at once, you muſt
With Conſcious Guilt, confeſs the *Gods* are *Juſt*.
For Oh! revolve Ye *Britain's* on the Source,
From whence this *Vengeance* firſt deriv'd its Courſe.
Remember *CHARLES THE MARTYR* ſuch
[a Deed!
The *Tale* wou'd make a *Tyrant's* Heart to Bleed,
Ev'n Barb'rous *Pagan's* Tremble at the Sound,
And Whiſper't leaſt the the very Air it Wound.
His *Precious Blood* ſtill Cries to *Heav'n* aloud,
To Arm with Rolling Thunder ev'ry Cloud;
And Sheets of Blazing Light'ning, 'gainſt ſuch Men,
As dare *Reſiſt* the *Subſtitute* of *Heav'n*;
And thus ſucceſſive Vengeance ſtill wou'd fall,
On your Devoted Heads, conſuming all;
Were't not a *Princeſs*, from *His* Loins is Sprung,
By *Angels* to her Crowns and Scepters Sung:
Whoſe *Virtues* for our Previous Guilt attone,
And *Heav'n* appeaſes for our Crimes, *alone:*
Immortal *ANNA*, while her vaſt Succeſs,
Does Her the *Fav'rite* of the *God's* Confeſs;
Ordain'd from *Threat'ned Fetters* to Releaſe,
And give to *Europe Univerſal Peace.*

Rejoice Ye *Britain's*, Breath, to *Heav'n* your
[Praiſe.
See where *Saturnian Times* and *Halcyon Days*,
To Tuneful Number, Hand in Hand advance,
With Jubilation leading up the Dance;
Your *Arms* each where Victorious in the Field,
New Objects ev'ry Day of Glory yeild:
While *ANNA* there employs the Trump of *Fame*,
To Eccho round the ſpacious *Globe Her Name.*
At Home her *Subjects*, 's if by *Heav'n* inſpir'd,
By Genuine *Loyalty* are Bravely Fir'd,
Sure *Omen*, thoſe Propitious *Pow'rs* will Bleſs,
Both *Soveraign* and *Subjects* with Succeſs;
For when our *Conſcious Duty* upwards Flies,
It always draws down *Bleſſing* from the *Skies.*

Rejoice, the Time's at Hand, but to diſcloſe,
And point the Hour, inducing your Repoſe;
Since to the *Royal Shade* it was deny'd,
Ev'n when his Bright'ned Form, was *Deify'd*,
In vain you ask; for ev'ry Deſtin'd State,
Is, 'till its *Birth*, lock'd in the Womb of *Fate*;

The

The too Inquiſitive (invite their Rods)
In Secrets, are held Sacred to the *Gods*.

SIR,

'TIS adviſed from *Bruſſels*, Sept. 20. That the Letters from Madrid of the 8th Inſtant, import, that the Duke of Anjou had receiv'd a Letter from the Marquis de Bay, dated at Boria, the 4th, adviſing, that his Army began to diminiſh by Deſertion, and that it did not conſiſt of above 3000 Men; That the Enemy's detachment of 2000 Men under General Stanhope was advanced to Agreda to get in Corn and Money; That it had juſt receiv'd Orders from General Staremberg to join him with all Speed; That General was to be the 4th at Calatajud there to reſt two Days, and then march towards Madrid, where a Circular Letter was Publiſh'd the 7th, in which the Duke of Anjou declares that being obliged to yeild to Force, he thought fit to retire, with his Dutcheſs and the Titular Prince of the Aſturias, to the Town of Valladolid, for which Place the Council's were likewiſe upon the point of ſetting out; That the next Day, the Duke and Dutcheſs of Anjou having paid their Devotions, bid Adieu to the Grandees, aſſuring them, that their Abſence would not laſt above a Month or 6 Weeks; and that the Furniture of the Court ſhould be remov'd the next Day. 'Tis adviſ'd from *Hague* Sept. 23. That Letters from Hanover import, that the Right Honorable the Earl of Rivers, the Queen of Great-Britain's Envoy-Extraordinary to that Court, arriv'd there the 18th in the Evening, and had his firſt Audience of his Electoral Highneſs the next Day.

London, Sept. the 20th. On Monday, the Right Honorable the Earl of Angleſea, Treaſurer and Pay-Maſter of the Forces in Ireland, Died of a Fever. He is ſucceeded in Honor and Eſtate by his Brother, the Hon. Arthur Anneſley, Eſq; Member of Parliament for the Univerſity of Cambridge. Sir Simon Harcourt is made Attorney-General, in the Room of Sir James Montague.

Which is all from Yours, &c.

WHEREAS ALL THE SETS OF THE FIRST Volume of the *BRITISH APOLLO* have been for ſome time diſpos'd of, tho' none under 15 *s.* 6 *d. per* Set, Bound. The ſaid Vol. containing about 2000 Anſwers to Curious Queſtions, in moſt Arts and Sciences, approv'd of by many of the moſt Learned and Ingenious, of both Univerſities and of the Royal-Society, is now Reprinting in Octavo by Subſcription. The Terms are, each Subſcriber to pay 2 *s.* 6 *d.* in Hand and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* on the Delivery of each Book, Neatly Bound, Gilt Edges and Letter'd on the Back, none will be Sold under 6 *s.* by Reaſon there will be but very few Printed more then what will be Subſcribed for. *Note*, It will be Carefully Corrected, Amended and Improv'd by the Authors, that all that is Material will be Inſerted. They who Subſcribe for 6 Books to have a 7th Gratis, and to Booksellers their uſual Allowance. Propoſals may be had, and a Printed Ticket given to thoſe who are willing to Subſcribe, at Mr. *Clark*'s Bookſeller, in *Birchin-Lane* near the *Royal-Exchange Cornhill*, Mr. *Harbin* at the *Roſe*, next Door to the *Globe Tavern* in the *Strand*, near *Charing Croſs*, or of *J. Mayo* Printer hereof, over againſt *Water-Lane Fleet-ſtreet*, and of the Men in their Walks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. *Roger Grant*, OCULIST, who has been ſo ſucceſsful in Couching the Cateract and Curing all other Curable Diſtempers in the Eyes, lives in St. *Chriſtopher's Church-Yard*, where he has lately brought to Sight theſe Perſons under-nam'd. *Wil. Fones*, at *Newington-Butts*, born blind, brought to Sight in 5 minutes. *Suſan Barns*, at Mr. *Haunches*, in the *Broad-way Weſtminſter*, blind 11 Years, brought to Sight in 3 minutes. *Mary Dearing*, in *Swan-Yard* near *Newgate*, aged 75 Years, reſtored to Sight in one Minute. *Elizabeth Wild*, in *Bell-Alley Goſwell-Street*, blind of one Eye 23 Years, reſtored to Sight in 5 minutes. *William Dixon*, in *Chelſea-College*, aged 87, reſtor'd to Sight in 5 minutes. *John Miers* on *Saffron Hill*, blind by Obſtruction of the *Optick Nerves*. A Gentlewoman whoſe Mother lives at Juſtice *Conſtables* in *Goodman's-Fields*, the ſame. Mrs. *Jackſon* in *Wood's-Cloſe*, the ſame. Mr. *Williams*, in *Peter-Street Old Soho*. *Anne Andrews* in *Goſwell-Street*. *Saywell Lathan*, at *Adam's Coffee-Houſe Chancery-Lane*. *Anne Allen*, in *Nightingal-Lane*. *Anne Lee*, at the *Croſs-keys* Tavern in St. *Martin's-Lane*, *Strand*. Mr. *Godby*, near *Fiſhmonger's-Hall*, *Thames-Street*. Mr. *Heming* in *Nagſhead Alley*, *Southwark*. Mr. *Langbridge*, *Saffron-Hill*. A Child of *J. Harris* at *Iſlington*, blind at a month Old. Mrs. *Parkis*, in *Naked-Boy-Court* in *Bell-Savage-Yard*, *Ludgate-Hill*. Mr. *Graves*, at Mr. *Spencers* in *Church-ſtreet*, *Deptford*. Mr. *Allens* Daughter at the *Dolphin* and *Comb* on *London Bridge*. *Thomas Dunmore*, in *Caſtle-alley* in the *Park*, *Southwark*. *William Maſſey*, in *Wheeler-ſtreet*, *Spittle-Fields*. *Joſeph Mild*, at Mr. *Shakſpear's* at *Hogſdon*. Mr. *Jones* Daughter next Door to the 2 *Brewers* in *Monmouth-ſtreet*. *NOTE*, Theſe with 223 others have been Cur'd ſince *Sept.* 1708. by the aforeſaid Mr. *Grant*.

AT the Office of Inſurance on Marriage, in *Bell-Court*, *Fleet-Street*, any Perſon by Paying 2 *s.* for a Policy, Stamps and Entrance, and 2 *s.* towards each Marriage, until their own, when full will Secure to themſelves 200 *l.* and in the mean time in Proportion. *Note*, the 2 Firſt Claims which were made the 27th of *July*, came to no more then 37 *l.* 12 *s.* but will now amount to between 40 and 50 *l.* each, and if it Increaſe as it has for one Month laſt paſt, it will be full by *Lady-Day* next, wherefore all Perſons who intend to enter, it will be their Intereſt to do it forthwith, to prevent others from Inſuring on them.

At a General Meeting of the Preſent Subſcribers at *Serjeant's-Inn Hall*, in *Fleet Street*, on *Thurſday*, *Auguſt*, the 24th 1710, Six Truſtees where Choſen for the Year Enſuing, to whom Real Security is given for due Performance of Articles as by the Propoſals which may be had *Gratis*, at the Office, where may be ſeen a Liſt of the Truſtees.

A Patent under the Great Seal of England has been granted to Charles Holmes in Red-Lion-Street in Southwark, for the making of the London Inke-Powder for Records. Being Moſt Excellent for all Perſons to make their Writing-Ink as black and as ſtrong as they pleaſe. Each Six-penny Paper makes a Pint of the beſt, or Pint and half, or Quart for Shop-keeper's common Writing or Marking-Ink, only by ſhaking or ſtirring it in ſo much Rain or River-Water; and it amends all weak and pale Ink, or Ink ſpoiled by the Froſt, and Directions to each Paper of Powder, to prevent Ink from Freezing. 'Tis Sold by moſt Stationers, Booksellers and Haberdaſhers in and about London; and by Shop-keepers in the chiefeſt Cities and Towns in England. And that none may be impoſed on by any falſe Pretenders, Cheats, or Counterfeits, this only has been publickly Experienced for many Years, and Appoved for the beſt Ink in moſt parts of the World.

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